

28

young reader in gentle tastes and the independent mind
will be gratified by our

**THE LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

FEBRUARY, 1813.

MISS LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

THREE is something in the publishing of contemporary biography at which female delicacy often revolts; and though when Dr. Johnson contended that *man* is the best and most proper biographer of himself, there can be no doubt that he meant to include both sexes; yet the diffidence of accomplished literary ladies, in giving to the world their own memoirs, is so perfectly justifiable, that on any occasion the reader cannot fail to be satisfied with an outline during the existence of the object, and leave to posthumous friendship the task of transmitting the finished picture to posterity. To a literary friend, intimate with the family of Miss Temple, the Editor of the *Flowers of Literature* is indebted for the very brief, though truly interesting, outline of that lady's biography; which, after stripping of many redundancies, and adding more recent circumstances, we have taken the liberty to transplant into our Museum.

Miss Temple is the only surviving daughter of a veteran officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Temple; and was born at Chester, in the year 1786. There was an elder sister, the

lovely companion of her infant years, in whose perfect mind every rich charm was united ; and they received together their first instructions—instructions not conveyed after the usual modes, by a set of dry maxims, arbitrary rules, and long deductions ; all that they learned was quickly and luminously taught, by a few simple, distinct, and applicable lessons. They became philosophers in leading-strings, as many of our philosophical people are content to continue all their lives. But they seldom wandered beyond their depth amid the swamps and shallows of theory. Their senses were exercised in experiments that stretched their infant capacities, and gave them early something of practical skill in the separation of right and wrong. To a superior mother, they owed every germ of virtue, if they possessed any. *She* furnished the materials of happiness ; *her* wisdom and benignity were the day-spring of her children's hope, desire, and emulation. *She* led their little pilgrim feet, by sweet, lovely, and gentle ascents, to every point of science that she wished them to attain. “ My mother,” said Miss Laura to her friend, “ awoke my soul, and gave to my intellect all the stature that it boasts. She endeavoured to make her daughters, as she did herself, examine every object with the caution of speculative, not feeble scepticism ; and to decide with the manliness of truth.” In her father she beheld an impressive example of undeviating honour, simplicity, independence, and veracity ; and she dreamed not that there was another world beyond their green enclosures, where all she had hitherto learned she must unlearn.

About her tenth year, circumstances of a domestic nature caused a temporary dispersion of the family. They quitted Chester ; and soon after she found herself in an old gloomy, gothic, spacious mansion, upon the borders of the Lincolnshire fens. Here she was left to her own exertions : her mother's time was no longer obedient to her wishes ; her attention had higher calls of duty ; her sister's genius soared now to a sightless distance ; her age,

though but fourteen, produced a wonderful inequality between the two young ladies. Painting on a grand scale became the passion of the elder's life;—she lived in the sphere of miracles:—Laura was overawed by its magnificence; she wandered from room to room, and found nothing to excite her curiosity, or invite her hopes, till she turned the rusty key of an immense library. She snatched volume after volume from the shelves, but replaced them in despair; not one word could she understand of nearly a hundred different quartos. At length, moving to another quarter, she stumbled upon Pope's Homer, Milton's Paradise Lost, and a volume of Ossian: then, indeed, the beams of a new and beautiful Aurora burst upon her benighted mind. This was the hour of her intellectual nativity; her ideas grew rapidly, but her taste was fixed: she was no longer in solitude. The sovereign shades of the old library were now peopled with beings that had nothing in common with those that she had before seen, or held any communication with. How reluctantly was she torn from this magical society to the dining-room, to listen to a metaphysical discussion between two ancient sectaries, who visited them daily. Alas! the time approached when she was to learn the sad realities of pain, grief, and bereavement: the romance of happiness was already melting into air. Her sister sickened; her nameless maladies increased; and the seeds of death were already scattered through her beauteous frame. They hastened with her into Devonshire; the soft breezes of this British Montpelier, with correspondent exercises, appeared to revive the drooping blossom: with her spirits, her sister's hopes also revived. The majestic and enchanting scenery immediately surrounding Exeter once more awoke her enthusiasm. The incomparable creature that partook with her now in all her pleasures, embellished every spot: her soul seemed already to have snapped its earthly fetters, and to expatriate in fields of eternal light.

Melancholy at times were her joys, yet they were pre-

cious; and if memory is immortal, those, her dearest treasures, must be immortal. After dazzling and delighting all who beheld her for nineteen years, Heaven reclaimed her angelical sister; since which period Miss Laura's mind is said to have assumed a philosophic melancholy, which renders her peculiarly qualified for a votary of the tender and sympathetic muse. Amid the charms of domestic retirement, in one of the most delightful parts of the kingdom, she cultivates that Muse's favours with a degree of success, which must be a never-failing stimulus to the continual exercise of her poetical abilities. Of those abilities our fair readers will form an idea, in the perusal of a volume of her production, entitled "Lyric Poems;" published in the year 1808, by Messrs. Crosby and Co. C.

LETTER

From a Spanish Officer in London to his Aunt, a Lady of Rank, in Madrid, depicting the Manners and Character of the Women of England.

Continued from page 19.

The young ladies here affect music much; but in general (though there are some brilliant exceptions) play so ill as to inflict on politeness the most severe trials. When they sing they accompany themselves on that powerful piece of mechanism, the piano; and their performance is in general but an imperfect rehearsal of the constrained lessons of an artificial Italian. Infinitely inferior to the native melody of a Spanish air, assisted, not controlled, by the sweet and simple tones of the flexibly obedient guitar. This is the more extraordinary, as no

nation on earth has a more affecting and natural music than either of the four parts of Britain. It seems as if this people had determined to have foreign masters in every thing but legislation; and they who in arms submit to none, in arts yield the palm to whomever has the arrogance to demand it. They make a merit of encouraging all that is exotic, and of refusing their patronage to whatever is indigenous in genius or talent.

The general poverty, or rather parsimony, of more rational amusements which prevails in these parties, compels them to seek resource in cards; which are universally introduced on such occasions, and afford at once a pretext for taciturnity, and an excuse for sociality.

I must add, however, that this by no means proceeds from the want of capacity to promote conviviality on the part of English ladies; but from a certain habitual reserve which they wear among strangers; so that, if in Spain it be the custom among women to veil the countenance, it seems equally so in England to veil the heart; or, perhaps, like precious stones, their brilliance is the more splendid as it is more latent.

In what then, you may by this time naturally enquire, does the excellence of English women consist? and I will tell you in few words:—It is not alone that there are to be found in this country women of the most beautiful persons and cultivated understandings; but it is their peculiar praise to excel in every relative situation of life. Thus, though they seldom arrive at that eminent perfection in those striking and splendid accomplishments which give so great *éclat* to foreigners in the public eye, it is theirs to boast of each domestic virtue and rational attainment which shed pleasure and bliss through the milder sphere of private life. Though they import their dancers, their singers, and their musicians, from France, Italy, and Germany, it is at home they find dutious daughters, faithful wives, and fond mothers. In a word, as lovely women, they may afford an example to the

world. If they artificially adorn society less than the ladies of the Continent, they endear life far more; and if their manners are less brilliant, their morals are infinitely more pure.

You cannot therefore conceive any thing more really gratifying than an English domestic circle of familiar friends, where mutual confidence is inspired by mutual esteem, where reserve is banished from their frank nature; and the veil is laid aside from the ingenuous heart. It is there that human nature appears in its highest perfection. There beauty is candid, wit good-humoured, learning polite, and business social. Then it is that the English woman displays her national superiority, and the sunshine of sincerity dispels the mist of affectation. Adorned only in her native loveliness, blending the dignity of virtue with the diffidence of modesty, she encourages friendship without descending to familiarity, and promotes hospitality untainted by ostentation.

I have perhaps given you by this time, at no small length, some idea of what the ladies of Britain appear to me to be; and am astonished that in so long a letter I have said so little; yet even that little I have obscured and vitiated by attempting to compress in an epistle the subject of a volume. I will task you therefore no more on this occasion; but if you have any particular objects of curiosity, detail them to me, and I will satisfy you as fully as I am able. Indeed, in so loquacious a mood do I appear to myself to be (perhaps influenced by my subject), that I even fear to trust myself with the commencement of any other topic of communication, lest I proceed to I know not what length. Friendship, however, demands that I should not omit to entreat that you will take the charge of acquitting me of the remembrances which I owe to my friends in Madrid; and, indeed, I am highly ambitious that my sentiments of regard should flow through so genial a channel as your communication. I write also, by this opportunity, to Blas de Moriarté; who

will relieve you in the burthen of answering the enquiries of those who are interested in my fate. Above all, let not my name be buried in oblivion and silence among the delightful circle of my endeared associates at Riaza; and if any heart there should sleep to the recollection of existence in exile, let the kind accents of your tongue break a slumber so fatal to my future repose. With this hint I take a sorrowful leave, and awake from the pleasing delusion of that ideal presence of the friend I address, with which epistolary correspondence beguiles the fancy, to the painful consciousness of a distant absence from you, my kind relation, and all I love on earth.—Dear Donna Almeria, adieu!—the affection I owe you as so near a kinsman is far beneath what grows spontaneously in the bosom of so sincere a friend as

IGNACIS DE RAMIRA.

AWFUL VISITATION.

Some years ago, a gentleman of the name of Ardesoif, of Tottenham, more famed for the large fortune his father left him than for his humanity, invited a party to a Cock-fight: he pitted a cock which he himself valued for the courage of its breeding, when, to the amazement of the *gentry* assembled, the bird refused to fight; he, however, insisted on placing it before its opponent, but to no purpose; it fled: irritated by the jeers of his fellows, he seized the unfortunate bird, and, running into his kitchen, threw it into a boiler of hot water, accompanying this action with the most horrid exclamations; *this company even* started back with horror, and reproached him for the brutality of the action. It may be believed as a certain fact, that the wretch was on this seized with convulsions, and immediately expired.

J. D.

ON SENSIBILITY.

In an obscure and short lived periodical publication, which has long since been *used off* as "winding sheets for herrings and pilchers," I met with one paragraph which deserves preservation, as connected with public evils in general, as well as more particularly with a subject noticed in a former volume. "There is observable among the many, a false and bastard sensibility, prompting them to remove those evils, and those alone, which disturb their enjoyments by being present to their senses ; other miseries, though equally certain, and far more terrible, they do not endeavour to remedy ; they support them, they fatten on them. Provided the dunghill be not before their parlour-window, they are well content to know that it exists, and that it is the hot-bed of their luxuries. To this grievous failing we must attribute the frequency of war, and the long continuance of the slave-trade. The merchant found no argument against it in his ledger ; the citizen, at the crowded feast, was not nauseated by the filth of the slave vessel ; the fine lady's nerves were not shattered by the shrieks ; she could sip a beverage sweetened with the product of human blood, and worse than that of human guilt, and weep the while over the refined sorrows of Werter, or of Clementina. But sensibility is not benevolence ; nay, by making us tremblingly alive to trifling misfortunes, it frequently precludes it, and induces effeminate and cowardly selfishness. Our own sorrows, like the princes of Hell in Milton's Pandæmonium, sit enthroned, "bulky and vast ;" while the miseries of our fellow creatures dwindle into pigmy forms, and are crowded, an innumerable multitude, into some dark corner of the heart. There is one criterion by which we may always distinguish benevolence from mere sensibility ; benevolence impels to action, and is accompanied by self-denial.

Southey's Omiana.

MATILDA FORRESTER;

OR,

THE EXEMPLARY DAUGHTER.*(Continued from page 15.)*

It was in vain, after the departure of Capt. Laudon, that the wife of Inkle Forrester, Esq. endeavoured to draw from him reasons for his unaccountable conduct towards his daughter's intended husband; he preserved a sullen silence: her love, her despair, her tears, and supplications, were all unheeded for a time, till she struck upon some tender string which recalled him to himself, he then stormed about the room, talked incoherently of ruin! bankruptcy! and of murdering his child! The turbulence of his passion had awakened Matilda from a deep reverie, in which she was plunged, but the sounds were too distant for her comprehension, and she hoped they might only be the ebullitions of rustic merriment. A flood of tears came to her assistance, she fortified her mind by praying to him who has promised to wipe all tears away, and waited with anxious expectation the time when her mother should return, that she might hear from her lips the corroboration, or contradiction, of her fears. Alas! the dreadful news which her beloved parent now conveyed to her too fully fulfilled the dreadful presentiment that had played about her heart. Early the morning following this dreadful rencontre; nay even barely giving the messenger whom he had dispatched with the letters time to convey them to their destination, Laudon repaired mechanically to the scene of action; the drizzling rain which fell retarded not his footsteps, for the fever that burnt within him no humidity could allay, and the aridity of

his outward frame no rain could assuage: he met Matilda in the breakfast parlour; need I say with far other emotions than the preceding morning; too visible was the grief on the visage of her he adored; for she had spent the night with him in mournful congeniality; her eyes were red and swollen, hysterick sobs, which, in vain, she endeavoured to check by a forced smile, forbade her utterance; indeed, had speech been in her power, at this moment she could have imparted no comfort to Laudon. The letters written by her lover, had been delivered to the parents of Matilda. She now informed him that her father had locked his room door, had commanded that no one should intrude on his privacy. Her mother had seen the letter lying open on his dressing table; but, as he had become more tranquil, she feared to touch on so delicate a subject, and left him, hoping that a little sleep might renovate his lost faculties; for which both she and her mother had been beseeching heaven. "Ah! my dearest friend," continued Matilda, in an agony of grief, "what am I to do? you know how I have loved you; but, if a father commands,——" Here she hid her face with her handkerchief, while stifled sobs only found their way, and Laudon supported her in his arms.—"If a father commands," retorted Laudon, "will you then abandon me? cruel girl! a father can have no such right." "Oh! but," cried Matilda, "if a father entreats,—and so good a father,—Oh! Laudon, I do too dearly love you; but I will not break a parent's heart. The Almighty has said, with the temptation, I will give you the means to avoid it; now I see the whole of my life has been spent in only dictating duties, in indulging in theories, which I myself have shrunk from practising; providence has thought fit to lull me into a false happiness for a time, into a *fancied* active goodness only, and I little thought of the impiousness of the calls of parental love. Do not look on me thus,—rather assist me;—you know I love but you;—but do I not owe my father every thing?" Thus reasoning

herself into a fancied fortitude, she shrunk from him, as if to begin to act from these suggestions; but when she saw the tears in vain essaying to flow, when she touched the burning forehead of Laudon, when she saw his face pale, wan, his eyes looking reproaches; when, in choaked accents, he bad her farewell, overcome by pity for his sufferings, she did at length promise him, with some reservation to herself, which he heard not, that if she could not be his, she would never be another's;—alas! she knew not what she was saying; she little thought what parental duty might not oblige her to do; still, however, the idea of her being another's haunted the imagination of Laudon; he beat his forehead; he played all the airs of a madman, and when she attempted to interrupt, to end this *tête-à-tête*, a violent noise over their heads roused them from their chagrin; it was in her father's room, the report of fire-arms were heard; she uttered a cry of horror!—she ran to his chamber,—the door was still locked;—another shot was heard,—Matilda sunk senseless into a servant's arms. Laudon placed his knee against the door, it flew open, and the first object that presented itself was the extended form of Forrester, weltering in his own blood. Violent extremes will often recall the soul from despair, Laudon forgot all his own misfortunes, his energies returned, he raised Forrester on a bed, he sent for immediate assistance,—he returned to Matilda, who opened her eyes on hearing of her father's safety, she received with avidity the report from the servants that he had been wounded in clearing his fowling-piece, which hint Laudon immediately took;—the piece was lying on the ground; and although he had no doubt but Forrester had laid violent hands on himself, he fell in with the servant's idea to the domestics who now filled the room. Fortunately for the feelings of Mrs. Forrester, she had early left her house for the residence of the good Doctor Bateman, the vicar of the parish.

When he was placed in bed, the victim's eyes appeared

closed; his hands were clenched, the blood gurgled in his throat, and, had it not been for the assistance of Laudon, in raising his head, he must inevitably have been strangled through extravasation. When the surgeon arrived, he confessed his patient was alive, and, on perceiving some favorable symptoms, Laudon conveyed them to Matilda, who had been in a succession of fainting fits: she now hailed him as the preserver of her father, and her emotions of joy became as violent as were just before those of grief; and again Laudon trembled for the consequences. At the operation of the surgeon to extract the balls, Forrester opened his eyes, and some time after attempted to tear off the bandages, which were placed after the extraction of a small bullet; another bullet was found on the floor, and, from a dressing glass being shattered to atoms, it was presumed it missed its destined object: the resistance which Forrester made to be restored to life, was attributed to insanity; but means were taken to prevent the patient's retarding the cure, and, in the mitigation of fever, real hope was entertained. A life of early and of late misfortune had mellowed the temper of Mrs. Forrester, naturally weak, into a continual expectancy of evil; she had been often heard even to declare, that she feared mischance less than good fortune. "I can now, at my time of life," said she, "make up my mind to suffer the little while that I am in this earthly world; but joy appears to me to be so often the forerunner of grief, that I the more dread its influence." But, notwithstanding the shock she experienced was almost too much for her; and though she only surmised the real cause, she only uttered words of condolence and hope before her daughter; yet the dreadful idea that perhaps her husband might be a self-immolater so shook her nerves, that the physician in attendance declared that existence was only suspended by a thread,—but that thread was not so fragile as they had imagined. Yesterday, as the passing traveller viewed the Corinthian por-

tico, and was told by the officious peasant "it was the house of squire Forrester, and his lovely daughter, Miss 'Tilda,' the abode of happiness, perhaps ; the former might strike his breast, and say, Would to God that such happiness was mine. One little day reduced its envied owners to the most abject depth of misery. After performing all the offices of friendship, Laudon returned to his lodgings, and, on the following night, was seized with violent spasms ; his face was clammy with the dews of perspiration, his screams of agony were conveyed to the passenger with every breeze of wind ; he vented his passion in all the incoherency of delirium, and the physicians pronounced, that intensesness of thinking, and anxiety of mind, had brought on a painful and dangerous malady, which his youth only favored his recovery from. The arrows of death appeared levelled at all. Matilda was confined to her bed with a nervous fever ; Mrs. Forrester still crawled from the room of one invalid to the other, and appeared like the queen of hectic consumption and walking desolation. The sun rose, and set, the same as usual ; thousands were basking in joy, whose turn of misery had not yet arrived, or had just passed ; all nature still seemed to rejoice, and many who knew not the woes of this chastened family, still envied them. Forrester was the first to shew signs of convalescence : insensibly the dreadful *claircissement* burst upon him, and the horror with which he regarded his crime, was only equalled by the deep contrition he felt for it. In three weeks time, Matilda also had given up her sick room to her mother, who now, in turn, began to feel the call of the gloomy tyrant. At length, one day for the first time, the physicians, in the hope that it would accelerate Forrester's recovery, allowed him an interview with his daughter. When she entered, description must not be attempted to give an idea of the mutual sensations : he felt his pride humbled before the presence of his child ; he spoke to her in broken sentences ; but when he soothed her, and pressed

her to his bosom, his anguish became insupportable, and he burst into an agony of tears; he became less a man, but more a christian.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

(Continued from page 321.)

BASSANI GIAMBATISTA, was chiefly known in England at the beginning of the last century by his *motets*, which were more graceful and pleasing than those of any of his countrymen, except Carissimi and Stradella. But he has many titles to an honourable place in musical history; he was not only author of thirty-one different works, in favour all over Europe during the limited longevity of musical productions, but the first composer for the violin in Italy who seems to have written for it with the spirit and intelligence of a real master of the instrument. He was a native of Bologna, *maestro di cappella* of the Cathedral, Accadémico Filarmonico of that city, and violin master to Corelli. Bassani, who flourished from about the year 1675 to 1703 (the date of his last work), was a man of extensive knowledge and abilities in his art; having been not only a successful composer for the church, the theatre, and the chamber, but an excellent performer on the violin, as we are assured by Padre Martini, his townsman, who was old enough to have formed his opinion from those who had often heard him perform. And indeed his sonatas for the violin, and accompaniments for that instrument to his masses, motets, psalms, and cantatas,

manifest a knowledge of the finger board and bow which appears in the works of no other composer anterior to Corelli which we have been able to find ; and the lovers of the pure harmony and simple melody of that admirable master, would still receive great pleasure from the performance of Bassani's sonatas for two violins and a base ; in which they would hear not only the general musical language of the time, but the mild accents, and grateful tones, of Corelli's own mellifluous voice.

BATES JOAH, late commissioner of customs, was born at Halifax, in Yorkshire, March 10th, 1741 ; and began his school education under the celebrated Doctor Ogden, with whom he remained till the Doctor returned to reside at Cambridge. During this time, he received the rudiments of music from Mr. Hartley, the organist, of Rochdale. When Doctor Ogden quitted Halifax, Bates was removed to the school of Manchester, under Mr. Parnell ; and it was there, as he has frequently told his friends, that the grand style of organ-playing, in which he so eminently excelled, was suggested to him by the performance of old Wainwright on the organ in the collegiate church. While he remained at Manchester, he had made such a proficiency in music as to be able frequently to officiate for his old master, Hartley, when his avocations called him away from Rochdale. Bates, on quitting that seminary, was removed to the foundation at Eaton ; but there his progress in music received a considerable check, and was in danger of being totally stopped, for it was contrary to the rules of that society for any of the boys on the foundation to be permitted the use of musical instruments : in this state of musical privation, Bates remained some months, and had no other means of practising than by playing on imaginary keys on the table, which, for a considerable time, was his custom every day. At length having, by chance, had an opportunity of touching the college organ, his talents for music were reported to Mr. Geo. Graham, one of the assistant

masters, who, having a harpsichord, invited him to his rooms; and finding what an extraordinary performer he was, obtained permission for him to pursue his musical studies, accommodated him with the use of his harpsichord, and procured him liberty to play on the college organ at his leisure hours. When he went to Cambridge, the vacancies for King's College were so few that he was in danger of being superannuated, and was actually entered at Christ's College, where, while he was a member, two of the university scholarships became vacant; and he declared himself a candidate. It proved, on this occasion, a fortunate circumstance that he had not gone off to King's; for as Doctor Heath and Mr. Keate, both of King's College, and his seniors, were candidates, the custom of that college would not have permitted a junior to become a candidate. But though he was now a member of Christ's, that circumstance did not prevent his being a candidate for a university scholarship; the examination for which is considered as the most severe of any classical examination in the university of Cambridge. Some of the most distinguished under-graduates were at this time candidates; and, after an examination of several days, Zouch, of Trinity, and Bates were elected. This success established his literary character as high in the university as his musical character had before; and soon after, as the term of superannuation was expired, a vacancy happening at King's, he was admitted a scholar, and in three years fellow. The regularity of his conduct during his scholarship, recommended him so much to provost Sumner, that he was appointed tutor to the College soon after his admission as fellow; while he was in this situation, among his private pupils, he had not only students of his own college, but the present Lord Bolton and Mr. Cox, the traveller, both then scholars of King's, were his private pupils; as was the Hon. William Augustus Montague, of Trinity College, second son of the Earl of Sandwich: this produced a connexion with that

nobleman which ended in his Lordship's tempting him to resign his fellowship, and reside with him at the Admiralty in the capacity of Private Secretary. Few dilettanti musicians have ever acquired, or deserved, more fame for their knowledge in music, judgement and experience in its effects, and abilities in conducting a complete orchestra, and numerous band of singers, than Mr. Bates, who, at the university of Cambridge, distinguished himself as a fine performer on the harpsichord, as well as a zealous votary of the works of Handel; and as long as he remained at college, he performed the part of a *Coryphaeus* at all public and private concerts. It may perhaps not be thought unworthy of notice here, that at this time (about the middle of the last century), the University of Cambridge was in possession of four very extraordinary dilettanti musicians; Dr. Smith, master of Trinity College, for the theory of sound; Rev. Thomas Twinig, an admirable performer and leader on the violin, and an excellent judge of every species of music; the late worthy and ingenious Mr. Lobb, of Peterhouse, the most correct and certain *sight's* man on the harpsichord or organ, with whose performance we have been acquainted; and Mr. Bates, for his masterly performance on keyed instruments, and abilities in conducting a band. There being at this time no very able professor in the University, these gentlemen regulated, and performed at all public and private concerts during their residence in college.

(To be continued.)

Paul Whitehead, speaking of the different sentiments excited by different modes of building, expressed himself in these quaint words:—" When I go into St. Paul's, I look round and admire it as a magnificent building; but when I go into Westminster Abbey, I'll be *hanged* if I'm not all devotion."

A DREAM**OF THE LATE DR. DODDRIDGE;***Related as follows by the Rev. Samuel Clark.*

THE Doctor and my father had been conversing one evening upon the nature of the separate state, and the probability that the scenes on which the soul would enter, upon its leaving the body, would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant while on earth, that it might be by degrees prepared for the sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This, and other conversations of the same kind, probably occasioned the following dream.

The Doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at a friend's house in London; and after lying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left the body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which (though very different from the body it had just quitted) was still material. He pursued his course until he was at some distance from the city; when turning back, and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, "How trifling and vain do these affairs, in which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me, a separate spirit." At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain direction, yet easy and happy in the thought of the universal providence and government of God, which extends alike to all states and worlds; he was met by one who told him he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his *abode*; from whence he concluded it could be no other than an angel, though, as he remembered, he appeared under the form of an elderly man. They went accordingly on together, till they came within sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace. Upon enquiring what it was, he was told by his guide, it was the place assigned for his re-

sidence at present. Upon which the doctor observed, that he remembered to have read, that ' Eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived, what God had lain up for his servants;' whereas, he could easily have conceived an idea of such a building, from others he had seen; though he acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance. The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested from the conversation of the evening; it was, that the scene first presented was continued on purpose to bear a near resemblance to those he had been accustomed to on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open upon him hereafter, and which, at first, would have quite dazzled and overpowered him. By this time they had come up to the palace, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon, into an inner parlour. The first thing that struck him was a large golden cup, which stood upon the table, on which was embossed the figure of a vine and a cluster of grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of this, who told him, it was the cup in which his Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his kingdom; and that the figures carved on it were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people; implying, as the grapes derive all their flavor and beauty from the vine; so the saints, even in a state of glory, were indebted for their establishment and happiness to their head, in whom they were all complete. While they were thus conversing, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the angel, it was the signal for his Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly, in a short time, he thought our Saviour entered the room; and upon his casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a look of inexpressible complacency assured him of his favor, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services; and as a token of his peculiar regard, and the intimate friendship

he intended to honor him with, he took the cup, and after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands. The Doctor would have declined it at first, as too great an honour; but his Lord replied (as to Peter, in relation to washing his feet), "if thou drink not with me, thou hast no part in me." This scene, he observed, filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it. His master seemed sensible of it, and told him he must leave him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit; and in the mean time he would have enough to employ his thoughts in reflecting upon what had passed, and in contemplating the objects around him. As soon as his Lord had retired, and his mind a little composed, he observed the room was hung round with pictures; and upon examining them a little more attentively, he discovered, to his great surprise, they contained the history of his own life. The most remarkable scenes he had passed through being thus represented in the most lively manner, it may easily be imagined how much this would strike and affect his mind; the many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the signal instances of the divine goodness towards him in the different periods of his life, which by this means were all at once presented to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude; especially when he reflected that he was now out of the reach of future distress, and that all the purposes of divine love and mercy towards him were at length happily accomplished. The ecstasy of joy and thankfulness into which these reflections threw him was so great that it awoke him; but for some considerable time after he arose, the impression continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks; and he said, upon any occasion, he never remembered to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude equally strong.

O L I O.**N O. VIII.**

“A thing of shreds and patches.”

“A most extraordinary circumstance indeed,” said a certain Alderman to his friend; “my wife and I have three daughters, and all girls!”

It is said that the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, in a fit of absence, ordered two holes to be made in the door of a stable, a small and a large one; one for the cat, the other for the kitten: a friend of mine, who, though not quite so deep a man as Sir Isaac, yet no fool, fagged hard to put a lock on his garden gate, which, when he had done, he perceived any man might stride over.

A projector some time since invited some mechanical gentlemen to view a gallows for criminals: he assured them in his prospectus that it was upon a new principle, and it would hang a dozen at a time with the greatest convenience.

A smart banker's clerk, who, seated in the *Pit*, wished to make himself more agreeable to a girl, accompanied by her father, than the latter thought necessary, met with the following reproof from the old gentleman:—“Young man, we came to enjoy the play; if you do not know how to behave yourself, go up yonder!”—(pointing to the *Boxes*.)

“Under pretence,” says Dr. Johnson, “of keeping a disorderly house, the fellow is a receiver of stolen goods.”

From the deductions I have made from the disputes whether public or private education be most efficient, it appears, that if you have sufficient self-denial to be content that your son shall only be a moral and religious character, give him a private education; but if you wish him to be a great man, with regard to the world's acceptance, give him a public one.

"I am afraid," says an anonymous author, "that we are more apt to be charitable because our passions are inflamed, than for conscience' sake;" but perhaps scrutinizing motives might not make us more virtuous.

What would any one now think of the portrait drawn by Erasmus of a lad of his time, who waited on his parents at dinner, and then sat down to his own?—We now fly into the other extreme.

A sportsman coursing lost his hare, and hastily accosted a shepherd boy—"Boy, did you see a hare run by here?"—"A hare, sir?"—"Yes, fool!"—"What? a hare, sir?"—"Yes."—"What, a thing that runs fast, with long ears?"—"Yes."—"That go loppety, loppety, lop?"—"Yes, yes, my good fellow!"—"What, very long ears?"—"Yes, dolt!"—"Ah! then," said the boy, "I didn't see it."

Lately, at a Jew's wedding, a Christian gentleman, as is customary with us, saluted the bride; anger and consternation sat on every face. "What have I done to cause this?" asked he. "Ah!" replied her husband, "you have rendered her unclean; she must now go through a general ablution before I can take her to my bed."

POETICAL DEPOT,

NO. V.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTH-DAY.

How sad and solemn on my list'ning ear,
Eventful day ! for such my musing soul
Has ever deem'd thee yet ; thy warning voice,
Again returning, sounds the awful knell
That tolls the flight of Time !—Where are ye fled,
Departed hours ! that not the tender pray'rs
Of Friendship, or of Love, the magic bribes
Of glitt'ring wealth, the struggles of the great,
The pomp of grandeur, nor the toils of art,
Nor all the tears repentance would indulge,
Nor sorrows of regret, shall ever more
Retrieve ye to the world ? Alas ! 'twere well
Perhaps for millions now, nor least for me,
That ye were tomb'd as in the silent gulf,
As in the waters of oblivious rest ;
Sepulchred down in that eternal sleep ;
On whose dark night no sun shall ever smile,
No morrow dawn ;—but mad the giddy fool
Who clings for refuge to a dream like this !
The broken reed that trembles to and fro
Shall yield as strong a refuge, and as sure ;
Or let him grasp the visionary breeze
That flutters by, his safety were as firm,
His trust as good ;—then ask not thus in doubt,
Or only ask that thou may'st frequent learn
The wise instruction that shall speak response
To question such as thine, where are they fled ?
Go to thy secret monitor within,

And she shall tell thee—on the burthen'd winds
They hurried back to *heaven*, and wait us there
To shame us, and confront!—Alarming thought!
That in a day whose unrevealed birth
No mortal tongue can utter, yet ordain'd
From earliest ages, and decreed by him
Whose holy word, immutable and true,
Shall stand for ever; when with solemn burst
Swells the last trumpet thro' the prostrate world,
And, loudly echoing thro' the frighted grave,
Unlocks her marble adamantine jaws,
And rouses into life the pallid limbs
That long had moulder'd to their native dust—
Alarming thought! that in a day like this,
And such will be, have angels told to man,
Each little moment we had idly spent,
Or blotted dark with sin, shall wide unfurl
The records of its tablet, and whate'er
The living hand, or living heart had stampt,
And written there, again with dreadful tale
Shall agonize the view, and flashing broad
The terrors of conviction, crimson deep
The guilty blush, andwhelm the stagg'ring soul
In all the pangs of horror and remorse!

Think, think on this, ye trifling and ye gay,
Ye thoughtless proud, who squander not alone
The simple moment, but the long, long year
In baneful sports, unprofitable mirth,
And empty follies that shall perish soon,
And leave ye 'rest of hope, nor fit to die!
Oh, sacred Virtue! with thy tranquil joy,
Sweet seraph! come, and o'er my stubborn breast
Thy gentle radiance shed; for fair thou art,
And lovely, to my soul; tho' oft indeed,
As vices prompted, from thy shelt'ring hand
I've wander'd far away, of heaven and thee
Forgetful;—yet again, indulgent pow'r!
I woo thee, and again would follow on

To serve thee, and adore ; for thou art rich
In recompence to man, and in thy voice
Eternal solace breathes ;—e'en now methinks
The soothing accents of that dulcet voice,
Like distant warblings on the dying gales
Of pensive evening, whisper to my soul—
“ Ah ! wherefore thus with ling'ring step delay
Thy early visit to my bow'rs of rest ?
Come, trembling loit'rer, from the giddy world
I call thee home. Nay, shrink not thus, nor dread
The frown that bids thee fear me ; soon a smile,
Sweeter than ever lur'd thee to the arms
Of syren pleasure, kindling on my cheek,
Shall bid thee love me, and with grateful tongue
Confess me worthy of thy fondest care.
Then pause no more ;—a refuge shall be thine
Where the rude whirlwind, and the black'ning storm,
Shall beat in vain ; and where the angry surge
Shall lift its vengeful billows but to prove
Thy hopes are glorious, and thy trust secure.
Nor startle thou, tho' oft with bitter scorn
The wicked mock thee, and the fool deride ;
My better praise shall scatter in thy breast
A conscious purity, a holy peace,
That not the world can give, nor yet the world,
Tho' leagu'd with malice, ever can destroy.
And still as verges to its destin'd close
The little span allotted to thy day,
While frantic horror stabs the shudd'ring wretch,
Inur'd to guilt, and glooms his final hour
With madd'ning doubt, and terrified despair,
Thy setting sun, with soft and softer beams,
Shall languish in the west ; thy comfort still
With bright and brighter lustre sparkle forth,
Triumphant o'er the grave ; and Death himself
Shall wear the form of Beauty ; from his brow
Shall pluck the thorny wreath, supplanting there
Immortal roses, such as Eden once
Might boast for man, while yet estrang'd to sin.

And when at last commission'd angels blow
That awful trumpet, at whose thunders now,
In fancy heard, thou tremblest, guardian saints
Shall hover o'er thy tomb, and beckon up
Thy wond'ring spirit to their cloudless skies
Of everlasting peace.—Where, where are fled
The records of thy sin. Look from thy grave,
Exulting look ! the moments that had gone
To tell thy crimes are vanish'd into air,
Forgotten all, and driven to the winds ;
And stern remembrance, that with watchful eye
Had brooded long upon the mournful page,
Shall sleep to wake no more ; or only wake,
And only live to whisper of the deeds
That in thy wand'ring pilgrimage thro' earth
'Twas goodness sanction'd, and thy God approv'd.
Yes, these shall yet survive, with ceaseless song,
And strains of sweetest music never sad,
To bless the sainted spirit of the just,
And gild with happier joys the bliss of heaven!"

December 6th, 1812.

OSCAR.

THE LIFE OF MRS. CHAPONE.

(Continued from page 11.)

MRS. BARBAULD, the author of so many invaluable works, will feel herself but little obliged to these writers for being so kind as to supply from their own imaginations what they observe she has omitted, and still less so for their obvious misconstruction of her words. If a rumour had reached her, that Mrs. Chapone was not happy in her married life, Mrs. B. certainly would not be disposed to

assign as the cause of it, Mrs. Chapone's "*want of temper for the cultivation of domestic tranquillity*;" her own intimate knowledge of her heart and character must have precluded such a supposition; indeed Mrs. Barbauld has expressed in conversation, her surprise and concern that so unjust an accusation should have appeared in print; and her decided opinion, that it ought to be contradicted. There yet survive one or two of her most intimate friends who remember Mrs. Chapone during her married life; and can testify her unceasing fondness for her husband, and her invariable acquiescence in all his wishes. Those of her nearest relations who only remember her from a later point of time have been frequent witnesses of the affecting tenderness with which she spoke of him whenever she could assume resolution to do so; and she preserved a miniature picture of him, which she professed that she seldom allowed herself to contemplate, because she thought it improper to indulge the sensations of exquisite grief and regret it always occasioned. The season of content which her nuptials afforded was, however, but of short duration. In something less than ten months after they were married, Mr. Chapone was seized with a fever, which was, from the beginning, pronounced fatal, and terminated his existence after about a week's illness. The deep distress of his afflicted wife, together with the alarming seizure, which nearly deprived her of life, the immediate consequence of this severe blow is best related by the letters of her friend, Miss Burrows, who hastened to town from Tunbridge upon the first intelligence of her friend's pitiable situation; for this purpose, we must refer our readers to page 130, vol. 1, of "the Posthumous Works of Mrs. Chapone;" they are addressed to their mutual friend, Mrs. Carter. These letters bear sufficient testimony of the unalterable attachment of Mrs. Chapone to her husband, and of the sincerity of her sorrow at his death. Contrary to the expectation of her friends, and (as it appears in her letter to Mrs. Carter) of her own wishes, she, by

degrees, recovered from the dreadful illness which that sorrow had occasioned : the conclusion of this letter shews that, in addition to what she esteemed her heaviest calamity, Mrs. Chapone had some pecuniary embarrassments to encounter. This, however, was but a secondary consideration with her, nor does it appear to have materially affected her peace of mind. Though her circumstances no longer allowed of her keeping a house, she was content to retire upon a small, but in those days decent, income into lodgings ; where she continued to make a respectable appearance. In less than two years after the death of Mr. Chapone, she experienced another severe privation in the loss of her father, of which she gives an affecting account in a letter to Mrs. Carter, which is, however, not thought necessary to insert in the work above alluded to. He left her an addition to her fortune, which, of course, in her opinion, was no compensation for the loss of so excellent and kind a parent. After his death, she continued to reside in lodgings in London ; but spent much of her time in visits to her friends : of these, she had an extensive and respectable circle among persons of distinguished characters of both sexes; for neither the comparative narrowness of her income, nor the retirement of her abode, could conceal that store of attractions which made her acquaintance sought after by all ranks of society. The greater portion of her time was, for some years, passed at the two episcopal houses of her uncle, then Bishop of Winchester, at Farnham Castle, and at Winchester-house, Chelsea. She was warmly attached both to him and to her aunt, Mrs. Thomas, who was particularly partial to her, and whose affectionate kindness proved an essential source of comfort to her. With her eldest brother, who always resided in London, and whose strength of mind, and benevolence of heart, supported while they soothed her, she lived in habits of constant intercourse, and the most cordial reciprocal affection : indeed, though blest with so many other chosen and valuable

connexions, he seems to have been her strongest tie to this world. The houses of her invariable friends, Mr. Barrows, with his wife, and two younger sisters, and of his eldest sister, who was then married to Culling Smith, now Sir Culling Smith, Bart. afforded her each a frequent and favorite asylum; and she regarded the hours spent with them among the most delightful of her life. In 1766, she went into Yorkshire, and remained several months at the parsonage house of her second brother, who married the daughter of Wm. Young, Esq. of Devons, at Thornhill, near Wakefield; where she contracted that partiality for her niece, his eldest daughter, to which the world was afterwards indebted for her admirable Letters on the Improvement of the Mind. In 1770, she accompanied Mrs. Montague, who had long honoured her with her friendship, into Scotland; a tour from which she derived considerable pleasure and amusement; particularly so from a visit they paid on their road at Hagley, the seat of the celebrated Lord Lyttleton, where beauty of scenery, blended with ingenious and elegant conversation, mutually contributed to afford her those high gratifications which her natural taste for both rendered her so capable of enjoying. In 1772, she wrote the Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, which, though solely intended for the private instruction of her favourite niece, she was induced, by the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Montague, and the rest of her literary friends, to publish the year following. The universal admiration these letters excited was sufficiently apparent by the rapidity of their sale, and they brought Mrs. Chapone into that public notice which she so little coveted. Numerous were the applications for the acquaintance of the author of such a work, and there were some who, understanding her circumstances were not affluent, hoped to obtain her assistance in the instruction of their families; but, to proposals of this nature, she never would listen. The persuasions of her partial friends, who joined in requesting her to give to the world some

further productions of her pen, induced her, a year or two afterwards, to print the little volume of *Miscellanies* which, though allowedly inferior to her first publication, contains many specimens of the ingenuity and elegance of her mind. In 1778, she was deprived of her excellent aunt, Mrs. Thomas; and in May, 1781, the venerable bishop was also taken from his family, at the age of eighty-six. The loss of such near and kind relations was grievous to her, though essentially supplied by the friendship of their three daughters; the eldest the wife of the late Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester; the second of the late Dr. Buller, Bishop of Exeter; and the youngest of the present Admiral, Sir Chaloner Ogle. With these three sisters, of whom Mrs. Ogle now only survives (1807), she kept up a constant affectionate intercourse, and was a frequent, and always welcome visitor at their respective houses. The calm which Mrs. Chapone had for some years enjoyed was now to be fatally interrupted; sorrow again reached her, and fell with heavy and repeated strokes upon her. The death of the Bishop was succeeded the year following by that of her youngest brother, Edward, of whom she was passionately fond; and whose death being sudden, and totally unexpected, was a blow she was little prepared to sustain. This gentleman, well known to the musical world, and who was many years President of the *Anacreontic Society*, had qualities that endeared him not only to his own family and connexions, but to all with whom he was upon any terms of intimacy. To a feeling and excellent heart, and cheerful temper, he joined such power of entertainment, from the originality of his humour, and the versatility and vivacity of his conversation of "infinite jests," "of most excellent fancy," that it was unanimously allowed by those who had been the companions of his social hours, that when he was gone, society was deprived of one of its most agreeable ornaments. Death now began to make rapid havoc among Mrs. Chapone's dearest and most valued friends. Not

long after the loss of this brother, she had to lament that of her beloved Mrs. Smith, who was followed by another sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Burrows. In the course of a few years more, Mr. Burrows, and afterwards his widow, were taken from her, and out of that amiable and happy circle with whom she delighted to associate, and on whom she relied as the sources of the most refined enjoyments only, one sister, the present Mrs. Amy Burrows, remained to bestow on her that heartfelt consolation which this inestimable friend never failed to administer.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XX.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

"A brighter wash, to curl their waving hairs,
"Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs."

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

SIR,

I am often astonished that we hear so many complaints of the hardness of the times, and the dearness of every article; it must be that people complain for complaining's sake, more especially in the various articles of dress; for never perhaps were a set of kinder-hearted tradesmen to be found than in the present day, as you may buy their goods of them for 15, 25, or even 50 per cent. less than they cost. One worthy gentleman invites ladies to call at other houses in their way to his, to convince themselves of this fact. This one sells solely for the relief of the poor distressed manufacturers, and without any sort of view to his own emolument—generous soul!—and that for the benefit of creditors. Another merely to get his stock out

of the way, as he is going to have his house repaired. In short, from one cause or other, things are to be bought for almost nothing: even bread is to be had three half-pence under the assize price; therefore it is worse than idle to say things are dear, and I am in future determined to turn a deaf ear to all such complaints.

If taste and elegance be what ladies look for, one mantua-maker describes herself as "That indefatigable improver of female attire, Mrs. So and so." Then we have "Royal letters patent for a recent discovery in the art of making head-dresses;" and a corset-warehouse which seems to be exclusive; for the advertisement says, "*Corset Warehouse for the Nobility.*" What commoner would dare take a peep into it after this notice? One would almost think the writer of it a wag; for, speaking of the corsets, he says, "they exceed any thing that have been offered to the nobility (still keeping to the exclusive), and answer every purpose to improve the shape;" as if the nobility only were to be allowed the benefit of these corsets; or as if they were the only persons who stood in need of shape-improvers!

You must know, Mr. Gossiper, that I am a plain country man, and living as I do chiefly from London, I glean most of my information from the newspapers; and glad I am to find that things are not only cheap, but that the healing art has not fallen off or decayed since the days of Goldsmith. He was charmed with the success of the English advertising doctors, in their advancement of so glorious an art. Difficulty and doubt, as he very properly said, vanished before them; they delighted in desperate cases; they then sold their medicines at half-price, and so good-naturedly invited people to come and be cured, that he was thunder-struck to think any person could be fool-hardy enough to be ill. "Yet," he says, "notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick; only sick, did I say? there are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of

Confucius, they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner." The same thing has much astonished me: I am happily a very hearty man; but really their remedies, now-a-days, are so safe and so easy, that it almost makes a man wish himself ill, that he may be so pleasantly cured. Every medicine is either infallible or specific; and every one of these good doctors has a host of the most authentic and undoubted documents, in the shape of letters, from persons who have been cured by them; and not only cured, but that after every other remedy had failed, and every other doctor had kindly consigned them to the grave. So careful are they that you should not get hold of a wrong medicine, that they almost universally give a sort of postscript caution, begging you to observe, "that the label on every box or bottle is signed by the Doctor in his *own* hand-writing; none other are genuine." This is kind, very kind; though it is very possible, from never having seen the doctor's hand-writing, that you may be imposed on by a forgery; and if you are killed by the spurious medicine, the blame will lie at the door of the good, original, caution-giving doctor. One of these heads his lozenge-advertisement with, "Elegance and Efficacy;" and another tells us, in the space of two or three lines, that his medicine is "infallible and ethereal, divine and unrivalled, innocent and never-failing, superior and unparalleled." Another begins his address for a hair lotion with, "Beautiful hair! fragrant as fresh-blown roses!!!!" How poetical, how pretty; what fair lady can possibly resist so charming an advertiser!

A tooth-powder maker tells the ladies that he is a great admirer of the general beauty of English women; but begs leave to remind them that the lustre of their charms loses half its influence when the teeth are discoloured, &c. All this, of course, he can remove in a moment; but another, who tops his advertisement with, "*Beautiful Women,*" (and, with such a head to it, who can fail to read

it?) asserts, indirect and flat contradiction to the tooth-powder maker, that the greatest blemish to beauty is superfluous hairs on the face, neck, and arms. For this he offers them a *roseate*—(I am sure poets must borrow some of their best expressions from these advertisements)—a roseate powder as a remedy. Another yet, who has a “*Royal Composition*” for the destruction of the same superfluous visitants, tells the fair sex, that it was first prepared for the beautiful Antoinette! There are many more hair-destroying doctors; and really I shall be very angry with an old maiden sister of mine if she does not resort to some of them for the removal of a few stragglers on her upper lip.

But it is not the lot of every one, Mr. Gossiper, to have too much hair; some, unluckily, have too little; and I have often smiled, merely at the oddity of the circumstance, and not at the good doctors, to see, directly under the advertisement of a hair-destroying doctor, that of one who promotes the growth of it. One of these begins with, “*Several Gentlemen who were bald;*” and goes on to describe the inimitable good qualities of the oil for promoting the growth of hair. I did intend to have remembered the names of the proprietors of this oil, but can only now think of one, and that is “Mochrikufsky;” this gentleman certainly must have left his friends and home a long way behind him, in his zeal to cover the heads of bald Englishmen with hair, and therefore deserves encouragement accordingly. A second promoter of hair-growing has an oil, which he tells us is beyond eulogium; but he is kind enough to inform us, that it not only nourishes and preserves the hair, but strengthens the curl, and bestows a beautiful gloss and scent, which renders the hair *inexpressibly attractive!!!!* What lady or gentleman, let me ask, would be without an oil of this sort? To think that their hair will become *inexpressibly attractive* must be a balm to their hearts:—I could hug the immortal inventor! But even in default of all these, we have some of the best

wig-makers in the world; men who,—but take their own words:—"Mr. —— has, during the summer recess, by the most unwearied application, and under his own inspection, at an immense expence, and by the exertions of the first artists in the *whole* world, completed a numerous, curious, and invaluable assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's Peruques, exquisite in their kind; consisting of the richest tints and shades, and the ladies' of most astonishing lengths!"

A soap-maker tells us, that his soap is prepared from oils of approved emollient qualities, with extracts from various balsamic herbs, and odiferous particles of the most admired flowers. It surely could not have been this gentleman's manufactory which I passed as I entered London by Shoreditch church, and which I fancied to be the greatest nuisance I had ever met with; on the contrary, I should imagine a manufactory of such soap as the above must be a sort of Arcadia.

To shew that even the Muses themselves lend their aid on some of these occasions, I once copied the following lines in praise of some Asiatic tooth-powder, written, no doubt, by some grateful poet, whose teeth had been recovered from blackness by it.

" While Ignorance exalts its crest,
Merit will stand the strictest test;
To thee belongs the palm and wreath,
For forming beauty of the teeth;
Thy powder claims our highest praise,
And well deserves the poet's lays!
For who is there that can deny
Its healing force and energy;
With brilliant lustre make the teeth to shine,
The gums to strengthen, and the breath refine?"

Indeed, Sir, we live in a wonderful age; an age so improved, that I begin to find myself altogether unfit for it, being at least half a century behind-hand in my notions,

dress, behaviour, &c. It nevertheless affords me infinite pleasure to think that the world is so much improved; and I shall retire to my snug retreat in Suffolk, with feelings that will not be those of envy, you may believe me.

I am, Mr. Gossiper,

Your's, &c.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

*From my quarters, at the
Saracen's Head, Snow-hill.*

THE MORALIST.

NO. III.

HAPPINESS COMPARED WITH PLEASURE.

WHEN I look abroad into the world, and contemplate the various pursuits of man, I scarcely know which sentiment it were best to indulge; wonder at the fallacy of his pursuits, pity for his misfortunes, or derision for his folly.

The professed object of all is the acquirement of happiness; the attainment of most is disappointment and sorrow. Volumes after volumes have been written on this interesting subject, each of them designed for our benefit, our instruction, and our comfort; yet the latter ages have been like the former; misery still predominates in the world; the murmurs of complaint, the sighs of affliction, the groans of despair still float upon every breeze; and if a comparison of the present with the past may be justly allowed, even in this day, "with all means and appurtenances to boot," we might safely pronounce that we are no farther advanced towards the true knowledge and real

possession of happiness than the generations that have gone down before us.

There is one important fact to be deduced from this, namely, that happiness is not to be gleaned from the writings, nor obtained from the exertions of others. It is proved to be an individual work, the result of our own endeavours, the meed of our own merits, the reward of our own virtues. Yet notwithstanding this established truth, it would be difficult to discover in what we have been improved, in what we have derived any particular advantage, or have made any material or successful progress in the grand search which thus occupies all our wishes. The fault therefore must lay with our own conduct; though created rational and intelligent creatures, we suffer ourselves to remain as fools; though we have precepts to guide us, and surrounding examples to profit from, we are still the slaves of error, the children of delusion.

I consider human life as a vast country intersected by various roads, some smooth and pleasant, others rugged and barren to the view; yet all of them reported or imagined to converge in one certain point, to which every traveller is bound; a country where each person is left free as to his choice, free as to the exercise of his own judgement and discretion. For such, therefore, as assume the task of directing the wanderer on his journey, it is not merely necessary they should point out the surest and the safest paths to the object of his destination, but it is equally necessary they inform him of those which have been found to lead from it. In applying this to the subject of the present essay, I would admonish such as seek to instruct their fellow-creatures in the pursuit and acquirement of happiness, to warn them at the same time of the many dangerous ways, the many deceitful paths, which however fair in their appearance, however promising in their tendency, will at the end serve only to betray the wretched and deluded traveller into disappointment, anguish, and remorse. For this purpose I

would draw a comparison between Pleasure and Happiness, the indiscriminate application of these terms having laid, as I am much induced to believe, the principal part of that foundation on which the misfortunes of men are grounded.

I conceive pleasure and happiness to be distinct in themselves, distinct in their effects, and still more so in their causes. Pleasure is an inferior gratification derived from innumerable objects and actions in the world, as also from innumerable casual circumstances operating on the mind; a fragile, transient emotion, suddenly excited, and suddenly removed. Pleasure is a native of earth, a terrestrial being, and existing only in terrestrial things. These fade away, and she expires as they vanish. Pleasure may be equally felt by the wicked as the good. As the dispositions of men differ, so they differ in their ideas of pleasure; the libertine enjoys it in the profligacy of his heart, in the indulgence of his guilty passions, the miser grasps it in his gold, the monarch in his grandeur and his power, the warrior in his conquests, the envious in his slanders. Pleasure is the passive slave of all; the easy attainment of the fool as of the wise; the bubble of a moment, incessantly destroyed, and incessantly renewed; often even without virtue, and as often lost without vice. The season of youth is the meridian of pleasure; and as mortality weakens and declines, as the infirmities of age creep over us, she gradually steals from our embrace; and thus when she is most wanted to enliven, to sooth, and to support us, behold! she is fled,

“ And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leaves not a wreck behind.”

A life of pleasure to the body may be succeeded by an age of pain, and a life of pleasure to the mind may be succeeded by an age of remorse. As we approach the awful brink of eternity, we despise or forget the follies and trifles of time, the siren witchery of pleasure dies upon the ear, or that ear is deafened to her voice; we

remember her only as a shadow, as a phantom that deluded us, and the soul that had been wedded to her charms, that had fondly slumbered in the repose of her bosom, uncheered, unsolaced by the past, looks back on the retiring world, and exclaims in the bitterness of death, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!"

Happiness is an ethereal being, a seraph of the sky, a visitant with us, not an inhabitant. The man who would be happy must learn to combat and subdue the evil dispositions of his heart, he must withdraw his trust from the frail and perishable things of this life, and weaning his thoughts and desires from earth, must raise them in willing confidence and pious resignation to heaven. To be happy we *must* be good; and it is in this that happiness so essentially differs from pleasure; for as pleasure is the result of indiscriminate objects, and indiscriminate actions, so is happiness the result only of those which dignify human nature, and redound to the honour and praise of him who made us. Pleasure is frequently connected with the body, happiness only with the mind; pleasure trembles at every breeze; every deprivation, every misfortune ruffles and appals her, she withers in the hour of adversity, and her wretched votaries are abandoned to despair. How different is the lot of that man who has dedicated himself to virtue, who has sacrificed on the altar of devotion those affections, those propensities which tend to alienate him from his God! It is true he has not exempted himself from the common tribulations and vicissitudes of time, but he has armed himself with that which can comfort and uphold him through them all. He duly appreciates the value of an immortal soul, and wisely discerning the instability of human affairs, exalts his ideas from that which is corruptible to that which is incorruptible, and reclines his faith not on the fallacy of terrestrial prospects, but on the "Rock of Ages." His hopes are not rested in this world, nor is it from this world he looks for a reward. He has indeed parted with

much, but he has gained more; he has gained that celestial, that inward peace, which not the waters of affliction can disturb, though they compass him as the waves of the sea, and which through every trial, and every sorrow will breathe a richer consolation than all that is earthly can afford. The friends whom he loved may be taken from him, the ties that were dear to him may be broken asunder; he had not planted his reliance on joys like these, therefore his confidence is not shaken. He regards the various dispensations of providence as designed in wisdom and mercy for the instruction and improvement of man; and thus ever watchful to the will of heaven, calmly sails down the stream of life, unpolluted by the sunshine of prosperity, unshattered by the storms of adversity. He has been kind, charitable, forgiving, and benevolent to his fellow-creatures, in thought as in word, in motive as in action; he has been steadfast to his God; therefore now when his course is finished, he lays down his head in peace, and fears not to die. The cloudless glories of the future, brightening and expanding as he approaches the verge of eternity, cheer and support him in the agonies of death; his conscious spirit, towering in all her native majesty, looks triumphant beyond the grave, and with outstretched wings that glitter in the splendours of dawning immortality, bursts from the feeble fetters of expiring nature, and soars exulting to those realms of everlasting bliss, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

In thus describing the man of virtue, I have described the man of happiness; nor indeed were it possible to do otherwise, for happiness and virtue are inseparable companions, and to possess the former, we must also possess the latter. Well therefore has the poet said

"Know thou this truth, enough for man to know,
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Let me therefore, in concluding this humble essay, entreat those who murmur at the afflictions of human life,

and sorrowfully exclaim that there is no happiness to be felt in this world, cease these unworthy complaints for a while, and honestly ask themselves in what manner they have sought it, and whether they have not been following the shadow rather than the substance; or in other words, if they have not mistaken pleasure for happiness. Whatever may be their answer, let it be remembered, that nothing but what is truly good, nothing but what is substantial in itself, and fadeth not away, nothing but what is sanctified by the sacred approval of heaven and our own consciences, can ever yield us happiness. The perishing things of mortality, the trifling gratifications of this world, may indeed afford us pleasure; but whoever builds his refuge here, whoever reposes his trust in these, and imagines he has obtained happiness, is a fool, and in a dream. Happiness is the reward of only such actions and such pursuits as bear the stamp of piety, the diadem of virtue; and the first step to the attainment of happiness, is *the deserving to be happy.*

O****.

FOR THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

IN the city of Rome are two statues, known by the names of Pasquin and Marforio; on the former of these it is customary for libels, and also *jeux d'esprits*, to be placed during the night, the answers to which are attached to the latter. When the French entered that city, with Buonaparte at their head, in the year 1798, the following distich was found the next morning on the statue of Pasquin,

" Tutti Francesse son ladrone,"

which was answered on Marforio by,

" Non tutti, ma Buonaparte."

A French gentleman in London, playing partners at whist with an Englishman, and against a *lady* and gentleman, having lost the rubber, addressed his partner thus, "I think, Sir, we were very *honesté* not to beat de lady."

A lady in Paris, seeing an English gentleman seal a letter with a very elegant seal, asked him, in French, what was the device; "*Ces sont mes bras, Madame,*" replied he.

When Erasmus, the great Reformer, visited this country, it was determined, by the friends of each party, that Sir Thomas Moore and he should meet without knowing each other; for this purpose, both were invited to an elegant entertainment, given by the Lord Mayor of London, at the Guildhall of that city. The two strangers, seated by each other, soon began to converse in the general language of the times (viz. Latin), and almost as soon entered into a controversy on religion, the prevailing theme of that day. Each eager partizans, they became warm; but Erasmus, finding himself hard pushed, and having heard of the Chancellor, began to suspect he was his competitor, exclaiming, *Tu es Morus, aut nemo!*—“ You can be no one but Moore!” To which the other shrewdly answered, *Et tu es Erasmus, aut Diabolus!*—“ And you must be Erasmus, or the Devil!

A. O.

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

THE WORKS of the late MRS. CATHERINE TALBOT, 8th edition, with some additional Papers, and some Account of her Life, by the REV. MONTAGUE PENNINGTON, M. A. in 1 vol. price 10s. 6d. with her Portrait. Published by F. C. and J. Rivington, 1812.

The Works of Mrs. Chapone are so particularly adapted to a Lady's Library, that we should think ourselves extremely deficient in attention and gallantry, did we let the works of this lady pass unnoticed, although the 8th edition is now before us. We shall not review a work which has so frequently been reviewed before, but as many of our young readers may not be in possession of the volume now before us, we insert the following extract, in order to induce them to furnish their library with a book which, we trust, will give them the purest pleasure in the perusal.

ON THE ART OF PLEASING IN SOCIETY.

ONE great reason why people succeed so little in the art of pleasing, while they seem wholly possest by the ambition of shining, is their not observing proper rules of place and time. They shine, indeed, in their own eyes extremely; but they do not suit their manners to the taste of those, with whom they converse. Whatever is their favorite and superior accomplishment, they are apt to imagine a sufficient recommendation, wherever they go; when probably there are a thousand less striking, which, properly placed, would make them appear, with infinitely more advantages. Nor is even the favorite accomplishment by this means lost; for when once you have condescended to win people's esteem, in their own way, they are willing enough to see every additional grace in your character, and dwell upon it with pleasure.

To instance only in the character of the fine lady. Struck with the praise of beauty, and conscious of such a superior claim to admiration, the absolute fine lady will be such through every scene of life, and in every variety of circumstances.

But after all what good is it to the industrious tradesman, that after many a morning's attendance, he can see her ladyship with a pair of fine eyes ? It is not beauty, wit, or learning, that pass for current coin, in our dealings with people who live by their business. Punctuality and exactness, with a strict care to save them as much time and labour as we possibly can, is the least we owe them, for the pains they voluntarily take to furnish us with every convenience of life.

This is meant for a rambling sort of Essay : and now I have named punctuality, I cannot help digressing, to praise it. There is nothing that makes us more welcome members of society. Exactness, even in trifles, amounts in a long life, to a considerable sum of merit. People know how to depend upon us, and are sure, we shall never give them the least uneasiness or disappointment, if we can possibly help it. This makes them the more easily bear with us, on occasions more important, where interests will sometimes very innocently interfere : and it is a piece of true policy never to forfeit that credit in small things which we may possibly want in great ones. There are numberless little arts of ingratiating ourselves, with our fellow-creatures, which are equally consistent with sincerity and prudence : nor was ever any thing more wise and humane than the Apostle's precept of " becoming all things to all men." Little disengagements will be perpetually occurring, if we allow ourselves any liberty, in point of exactness ; the even tenor of our conduct is broken, and people begin to think themselves indebted more to chance than to us, for any civility or kindness we may show them.

There is a kind of shatter-witted amiable character, which gains no confidence, and loses all respect. I think, I never saw any particular description of it, and it may not be amiss to draw one here. It is a careless, gay, good humoured creature, as full of liveliness and entertainment, as void of caution and discretion, living on from moment to moment, without meaning any harm, or ever taking thorough pains to do good. In such persons, fifty good qualities are lost, in the mere hurry of inconsideration. Every thing goes on at random : every thing is unequal and odd, and yet every body loves them. Their affairs for the most part run to ruin without any extravagance : nay by starts, they will be the best managers, and the strictest economists in the world ; but, alas, this is all

the while only whimsy masquerading in the dress of a housewife.

They who come under this description, whatever their principles may be, are guided in all the common affairs of life by mere humour and frolick. They run, with the prettiest harmlessness in the world, into acts of injustice, that make all around them suffer severely, while they themselves are perfectly insensible whence the mischief comes, because they are conscious to their own hearts of having the best designs and sentiments imaginable. By all I could ever learn, the great and amiable Sir R. S. was one of these whimsical, unhappy mortals. With a genius and a heart, that few have ever equalled, he had this defect in conduct, to such a degree as made him, in every respect, but that of an author, as hurtful a member of society as well could be. Wit like his turned his very distresses into entertainment, and it is hard to say, whether he raised in his acquaintance, more love, diversion, or compassion. But what pity it is, that such a mind should have had any blemish at all ! *

My disposition has led me a great way: but when a favorite subject is fairly thrown before one, who can resist it? Not gravity and decorum itself. I remember a story of a good old lady, who used pretty equally to divide her time, between the church and the quadrille-table. A young man of some humour, and of more smartness than discretion, had laid a wager, that he would make her talk over her cards in prayer time. He contrived, the next day to kneel down by her: and when the litany began, whispered in a low voice—I had the terriblest luck last night! No mortal was ever so unfortunate. Hush! be quiet, Sir, pray have done. Madam, you shall but hear me.—Pray Sir, fie, by no means, pray be gone, for goodness sake.—I had four matadores: and so on he went telling his hand, and the whole process of the game: while she, poor woman, was very seriously angry, and, as she thought, perfectly inat-

* This character of Sir Richard Steele has given much offence to some persons who think more highly of his moral qualities than Miss Talbot seems to have done. However the character given of him in few words by that wonderful prodigy of early genius, and Christian virtue, H. Kirke White, exactly agrees with hers. See his "Remains" by Southey, vol. i. p. 208.

tentive to him. He goes on however.—A club was led, I put on a small trump.—Human patience could endure no longer. Pooh, says the good lady, you should have played your punto.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR FEBRUARY, 1813.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. Osgood, of Lower Brook-Street.

We shall leave to our contemporaries, whose number of pages and exorbitant prices, allow them room for extracts from old newspapers, detailed and visionary ideas of female drapery and notices of dress, often chimerical and incapable of adoption. We trust that we shall always consider the adornment of the mind superior to that of the body; nevertheless we have ever presented our subscribers with fashions of the newest pattern, not such as shall violate the laws of propriety and decorum, but such as shall assist the smile of good humour, and give an additional charm to the carriage of benevolence. Economy ought to be the order of the day, not that economy which cheats the honest and pains-taking work-women of their hire; we are not either candidates for amateur shoe-making, or any other employment that may rob the poor man of his right; but we mean that economy which only deprives the wealthy and dashing shopkeeper of those enormous profits which leave the fair little to give to the supplications of charity.

Morning Dress—A fine kerseymere pelisse, of pale fawn or drab colour, lined with pink silk, trimmed with fur, and frogs *en militaire*; black regent's hat and feather; gown of white muslin.

Evening Dress of white satin, with Russian boddice of blue satin, fastened in front with diamonds; the front of the gown let in with blue, the same as the boddice, in *demi-lozenge*. White gloves and shoes.





MORNING DRESS.

Published for the ... Feb 1st 1803



EVENING DRESS.

Feb 1st 1793 by Geo Cowie & C^o Poultry.



THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE RETREAT OF NAPOLEON.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

WHAT means yon ocean-flame that glows,
Terrific, through the polar snows,
And with a ruddy, trembling glare,
Illumes the regions of the Bear ?
'Tis GALLIA'S DÆMON, from afar,
Has kindled up the wasting war ;
And, lo ! amid her ruin'd walls,
Moscow—imperial Moscow—falls !
A night of smoke, tremendous, low'rs
O'er the proud Kremlin's gilded tow'rs,
While the ply'd cannon's murd'rous roar
Shakes to the base its honors hoar,
And through the woods and deserts round
The shrieks of wild distress resound ;
But, lo ! the FIEND of groaning times .
Hath fill'd the measure of his crimes ;
And ere those fires forget to glow,
And cease the sounds of human woe,
The Pow'r that hears the sufferers' pray'rs,
His arm of retribution bares,
And beckons from the stormy North
The Ministers of Vengeance forth ;
Fierce Winter, clad in icy mail,
Whirlwind and Tempest, Sleet and Hail :
The baffled TIGER quits his prey,
And, madd'ning, homeward bounds away,
Spurn'd all his mercenary train
To struggle, fight, and bleed in vain ;

Carnage and Ruin close the rear ;
 The Russian's sword, the Cossack's spear,
 Assist the elemental strife,
 And share the wreck of human life.

These are thy deeds—the curse divine,
IMPERIAL MISCREANT! now be thine !
 High Heav'n abhors thy impious vows,
 And blasts the laurel on thy brows ;
 Thy race of infamy is run,
 Thy star is quench'd, and set thy sun !

So Lucifer, apostate ! fell,
 Hurl'd to the deep abyss of hell,
 And in his train, of old renown,
 Drew half the sons of Glory down,
 Guilt-bound, to groan and languish there,
 In darkness, horror, and despair !

SONNET TO RESIGNATION.

HAIL ! modest nymph, sweet Resignation meek,
 Life's faithful soother 'midst misfortune's shock,
 When frowns adversity, thee will I seek
 Who braves the storm unshaken as the rock.

Vain man, no more at disappointments grieve.
 Can flowing tears thy destin'd fate controul ?
 Can wary sighs thy throbbing woes relieve
 Like resignation, that buoys up the soul ?

Misfortune's gales, keen as the northern blast,
 When winter's clouds obscure life's cheering sky,
 Yet fortitude and resignation fast
 Alike life's troubled elements defy ;

With them no cruel adverse fate can move,
 They sooth each pang to harmony and love.

J. M. B.

SONNET.

TRANSLUCENT stream of morning's orient light,
Thy roseate beauties o'er the eastern wave
I view, emerging from the shades of night;
Thy lucid beam the western mountains lave.

Then, as thy dawning splendors greet the sight,
And gold-tipt foliage, whispering zephyrs wave,
Fond expectation, soaring with delight,
Views cloudless ether o'er the vast concave.

But I have seen, in life's yet early maze,
A morn as fair as fancy ever drew,
With spotless hue, courting the anxious gaze,
Then quick recedes, impervious to the view;
Misfortune oft, on sable darkness borne,
Thus blights the fair prospects of life's jocund morn.

J. M. B.

TO SENSIBILITY.

WHAT languid wand'rer in this vale of tears,
A mortal suff'rer, when oppress'd by woe
Feels not the beating heart's tumultuous thro'e,
His spirits sadden, and increase his fears?
In vain may apathy, whose breast of snow,
Ever insensible and chill appears,
Essay to keep him by the course she steers
A total stranger to the heav'nly glow,—
Which sacred feeling planted in the breast
To bloom to all eternity, and bear
The fruit affection tenders the distress'd
When pity fain the cup of grief would share;—
Would sooth the bitter pang to peace and rest,
And give the soul release from ev'ry painful care.

REUBEN.

TO MARY.

By Henry Bunbury, Esq.

WHAT tyrant custom can't approve,
My reason shall reject,
That noble passion *that was love*
Shall dwindle to respect.

My Mary ! should one struggling sigh
From my poor heart get free,
Or should you catch my doating eye,
When fondly fixt on thee ;

Oh ! charmer, let me be forgiv'n,
And think how hard my task,
Since sinners may adore that heav'n
For which they dare not ask.

ELEGY TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

MAY hope, mild soother of the captive soul,
Whose buoyant pow'r upholds the sinking heart,
When sorrows reign, or rancour's deepest dole,
Her softest influence to the breast impart.

Torn from the Mentor of my yonthful hours,
Torn from the scenes by friendship render'd dear,
Torn from contentment's philosophic bow'rs,
Where retrospection wanders with a tear.

Tho' torn from all that mem'ry loves to view,
And press'd by ills of chance, or destiny,
Each peace-crown'd wish to thine affection due,
O, much lov'd friend ,shall ardent flow for thee.

If man finds respite from a grief-fraught hour,
 'Tis when the smiles of Hope and Friendship blend ;
 If man e'er feels sweet consolation's pow'r,
 'Tis when he shares his sorrows with a friend.

Then why let silence reign with harsh controul ?
 Then why, secluded, with dejection pine ?
 Unfold thy suff'ring to a kindred soul,
 Her sigh shall flow, her tear shall blend with thine.

March, 1812.

A. KYNE.

THE GIFT.

THE Muse, in her wand'rings, repair'd to a dwelling,
 Where Genio, in pen'ry, sat pining in woe ;
 She mark'd his vain efforts to check the sigh swelling,
 For ev'ry reflection engender'd a throe.

Her feelings were ever susceptive of sorrow,
 And felt to relieve him an earnest desire ;
 Benignly to smoothen each fate-planted furrow,
 She drew from her vestment, and gave him, a lyre.

Tho' simple the present, it gave him soft pleasures,
 The chords breath'd in unison with those of his heart ;
 While Fortune denied him her rich-counted treasures,
 It gave mental blessings, unknown to her art.

Thus sorrows were banish'd, as visions of fiction,
 Yet virtue and reason preside in his lays ;
 He wore a wild garland, by Poesy's diction,
 And lives in the paens he sang in her praise.

The lustre of riches, how transient and shallow,
 And yet 'tis the bias of sordid mankind ;
 Who, selfishly moiling, like moles in the fallow,
 Are only remember'd for heaps left behind.

Nor. 1812.

A. KYNE.

SONG,**TO** —————*By J. M. L.*

Thine is the eye of heav'nly blue,
And thine the cheek of rosy bloom;
Thine is the lip of honied dew,
And thine the breath of sweet perfume :
But, ah ! that eye, though bright it be,
Yields not a look of love to me ;
That lip, whose accents breathe of heav'n,
No word of hope to me hath giv'n !

Mine is the heart that throbs for thee,
And mine the language truth has form'd ;
Mine is the life no longer free,
And mine the bosom love has warm'd :
But, ah ! this heart's last throb may beat,
Nor from thy scorn with pity meet ;
This form may sink to nature's tomb,
No sigh of thine to mourn its doom !

STANZAS.

Ah ! sweet is the still evening hour,
When the sun sinks behind the blue hill ;
And the tear that impearleth the flower
Adds beauty and grace to it still ;
And the silence that steals through the grove,
With the sound of the far-distant bell,
Ah ! these are the charms that I love,
That with rapture my bosom can swell.

Yet still, to the wanderer's soul,
 More attractive and lovely the scene,
 More pleasing the fanciful stroll,
 At eve, o'er the uplands, unseen ;
 When the landscape is shorn of its pride,
 And the summer's gay splendor hath wan'd ;
 And autumn, advanc'd from her side,
 Smiles pensively sweet on the land.

Ah ! such is the season—the hour,
 That speaks to the proud heart of man ;
 That tells him the pride of his power,
 The day of his splendor shall wane.
 And though on such matter to dream,
 May sadden the soul for awhile ;
 Yet the tear it awakens, 'twould seem,
 Shall chasten, not banish the smile.

October 1st, 1812.

AGNES.

AN ACROSTIC.

Mary, on her couch reclining,
 Asks sweet dreams of heaven above ;
 Rustic joys to sleep resigning ;
 Yes, she sleeps, and dreams of love.

Roll's Buildings.

JAS. R.

Anger ne'er dwelt in this breast,
 I ne'er knew a passion but love ;
 That passion I eager caress'd,
 As a blessing that's sent from above.

Roll's Buildings.

JAS. R.

THE GENERAL LOVER.

You ask me, dear girl, of the state of my heart,
The number of wounds that it bears,
The names of my victims, and, sly as thou art,
Would know all the source of my cares.

The first girl was Caroline, she caught me at school,
And in love did me closely entwine ;
While at Marg'ret, her sister, I gaz'd like a fool,
For I knew not to which to incline.

Then Kate came the next, but she slighted my charms,
And prided herself on her spirit ;
But Clara was ready to fly to my arms,
So I thought her the girl of most merit.

By Clara dismiss'd, to Maria I flew,
Of Park-street the joy and the wonder ;
Till Cupid, quite jealous, an arrow he drew,
And stabb'd me in lightning and thunder.*

Her consent I demanded, with rueful long face,
Who treated my vows as all *bother* ;
Laugh'd at my agony, enjoy'd my disgrace,
And then set her cap at another.

For revenge on her sex, determin'd I flew,
Like a bee to sip nectar and honey ;
Till Emma I met, and we swore to be true,
But, zounds ! we had none of us money.

Now you, my dear Delia, have plenty such stuff,
Oh ! let me, my angel, partake it ;
My esteem you shall have, if that's not enough,
My love, too, and no time shall shake it.

* While protecting the lady in a storm.

I've lockets from Harriot, and garters from Jane,
Locks of hair quite enough for a jazy ;
The kisses from others I'll give back again,
Now does not my goodness amaze ye ?

All their presents of love I'll burn at the shrine
Of the damsel who takes me for life ;
I suppose you no angel, don't think me divine,
And we'll jog it as plain man and wife.

Come, my girl, then decide ; give me leave then to go
And ask the consent of your mother ;
But if you refuse me, 'twill be my death-blow—
No it won't—for I'll look out another.

WILDAIR.

ENIGMA.

'Tis said that candour forms, in ev'ry age,
The noblest gem of hist'ry's classic page,
And sheds an honest lustre on the pen
That writes impartial, when it writes of men ;
How nobler still when heroes paint themselves,
And doom their actions to the public shelves ;
Yet give such faithful colours to the whole,
So true the portrait of the pictur'd soul,
That justice claims a kindred feeling there,
In ev'ry virtue as in fault a share,
And owns the record of attested deeds,
Though consciens nature blushes as she reads !
Then let my candour palliate the crimes
My tongue confesses in repentant rhymes :—
Hard were the task, though tenant of the earth,
To tell the spot or period of my birth ;
A viewless being, never seen, but heard,
Quick in my tale, but treach'rous in my word ;

Light as the breeze that wafts the landscape o'er,
I speed my course, and rush from shore to shore,
From realms that burn with everlasting glow,
To polar regions of eternal snow ;
Now strike with terror, now delight with joy,
Now cherish hope, and now that hope destroy ;
And ev'ry haunt with equal step pervade,
Alike the court, the city, and the shade.
See Mary weeps—her lover far away
Treads the lone camp, or mingles in the fray ;
'Tis I that torture with impatient fear,
Rouse the warm sigh, and start the trembling tear ;
Or, breathing heav'nly comfort, for awhile
Supplant the sorrow, and restore the smile.
My genius such, no mortal yet was found
Of speech so num'rous, knowledge so profound ;
No college bred me, yet I gabble Greek ;
In ev'ry language of the world I speak ;
With instant skill, nor less with rapid ease,
Learn all I'm taught, and vary as I please,
Curtail and add, embellish or abuse,
Turn black to white, or any thing you chuse ;
And deck poor truth in such a mad attire,
The modest creature seems a very liar !
Not pond'rous volumes could recount my fun,
The freaks I've practis'd, or the wonders done ;
I've married those who never yet were wed,
I've kill'd the *living*, and I've rais'd the *dead* ;
With victor wreaths the *beaten* French have laurell'd,
And made them fight who never yet have quarrelld !
And once, 'tis said, as many a reader knows,
I made a sick man vomit carrion crows !
More could I add, and stranger things could name,
To swell my vices, and augment my shame ;
But sure severest justice will confess
My tongue were candid, had my words been less ;
Nor gen'rous pity check the falling veil,
That spares the blushes of a lengthen'd tale.

TIMOTHY PUZZLECAP

The Editor of the Museum presumes he is doing his duty by laying the following statement before his readers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

A very material error having crept into the Memoir of Mrs. Sterling, I will state to you the real case, and leave it to your better judgment the manner, and time of correcting the said error, in a firm opinion, that you would not wish to insert any thing in such a respectable publication as the Monthly Museum that is not strictly true. My daughter, while a minor, and a Ward in Chancery, was married to Mr. Sterling (the supposed son of a Baronet), in the church called St. Martin's in the Fields, as the records of the said church and her certificate can vouch. Mr. Sterling, for family reasons known only to himself, thought proper to assume the name of Smith, and while my daughter considered herself his wife, she naturally consented to his request: unfortunately, Mr. S.'s true situation never transpired till the year 1810, when, on my return from Ireland, where I had been on a visit to a son lately come from his regiment in Jamacia, I was informed by a friend, "That Mr. Sterling had a wife living at the time he married my daughter." This lady's maiden name was Hogg, whom Mr. Sterling married in the town of Sunderland, eight years previous to his marriage with my daughter. Thus situated, my friends wrote to the clergyman at Sunderland, requesting him to search the Records, and from that gentleman I received not only a certificate of Mr. Sterling's marriage with Miss Hogg, but the certificate of a previous marriage that had taken place in Ireland between the said Mr. Sterling and a Miss Crawford (both these ladies still living). This cruel and iniquitous business being confirmed, I took home my dear, much injured daughter, with her three orphan children,

she having no further claim on Mr. Sterling. Though it is my wish that the mistake should be rectified of my daughter having assumed the name of Sterling, and having separated herself from her husband, I request as a favour, (and rely on your kindness) as little notoriety as possible. My daughter having three children continues the name of Sterling, having unfortunately received it at the altar, but considers herself a widow in every sense of the word, exerting her talent for the education of her three orphans.

Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

CLARA ELIZA DIXON.

STRICTURES ON THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

On Saturday the 24th of January was produced at this Theatre a Tragedy, entitled *Remorse!* ! The author is Mr. Coleridge. We have heard that what every body says must be true; if so, Mr. C. is indeed a bold man. A new Tragedy, cried the many, at this time-o'-day, when our vitiated tastes refuse wholesome viands, will never answer. Mr. C. was also a bold man to proclaim his name as the author of a forth-coming drama, so long before its appearance; for the public expectation is easier raised than gratified. We have seen this much-talked of Drama; there are sentiments highly poetical, and situations interesting enough; yet there are parts extremely languid and uninteresting; these will probably be curtailed on a second representation, but we prophesy, and we may prophesy wrong, that it will not live more than nine nights. It was given out amid shouts of applause for a second representation. The prologue was a puff direct on the

new Theatre, and the epilogue solicited your indulgence through the medium of the amiable manners of the actress, Miss Smith, who did every thing for the heroine; but the character is not worthy her abilities. The piece flagged more particularly toward the third act, when it was saved by an Invocation, sung by Mrs. Bland, &c. and the ayes again prevailed. The Scenery and Dresses were superb in the extreme; and the performers exerted their abilities to the utmost. As it did not receive a final condemnation, we hope we may hail this piece as the dawn once more of good taste beginning to re-appear.

The following is a succinct account of the plot:—The scene is at Grenada, and the time of the action during the reign of PHILIP the Cruel, when the persecution of the Moors was at its height, and an edict passed, making it death to any person wearing a Moresco habit. *Ordonio*, the son of a Spanish grandee, hired murderers to slay his brother, who is the favoured rival of *Teresa*; two of them are slain in the skirmish; and the third, a Moorish chief, relents, but *Alva* is taken prisoner by the Moors, and, after six years' absence, he returns, believing *Teresa* faithless, as the assassins knew and took from him a picture which she had given him in secret. He, however, disguised as a Moor and as a wizard, discovers her truth, and, by covert terms, awakes the remorse of his brother, and forgives him, but too late, as *Ordonio*, having suspected the Moorish chieftain of betraying him, assassinates him, and thus draws upon himself the vengeance of the widow of the murdered man, who, with a tribe of Moors, finds her way into the prison, and by the death of *Ordonio*, satiates her revenge.

COVENT-GARDEN Theatre has produced a Comedy, called *The Students of Salamanca*: it has met with the approbation of the public; but our reporter was too unwell to attend its representation.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE indisposition of the translator of Second Love has obliged us to defer this tale until our next. We have received R. Porter's Novel; if he will allow us to compress it, we may possibly insert it when our contributions now continuing in each number are concluded; his essay we have sent to "The Gossiper," for March.—Although our Museum boasts of many Subscribers of the male sex, we certainly expect, that the productions of our correspondents shall have some reference to female character and pursuits. We have rejected the Essay on Duelling, as not involving in its strictures female duties. We hope to hear again from C. in a more feminine garb. We cannot find the Sonnets alluded to by Reuben. We shall insert the Poetical favours of "a Poet who has been in print," as he says, "when convenient." Lines on a Tombstone, Sonnet by A. Kyne, next month; as also the favours of Altidem, &c. &c. We must decline the insertion of "Sighs wasted to Nancy," Lines to a Lady of Liverpool, Elegiac Stanzas, as also the Paequet by Mary, Elegy by Allen, of W. and Edgar's effusion; William begins, "Why did I ever take my pen?" Why, indeed?—We again continue to hope the portrait of Miss BOLTON the elder will ornament our next.—Communications must be addressed to the EDITOR of the Museum, at the Publisher's, 31, Poultry.—Books for our Review must be sent before the 20th.

The Answer to Enigma in our last is FANCY.





MISS COOKE

Engraved by H.R. Cook from a Drawing by W. Foster Esq^r

Published for the Proprietors by D. Cowie & C^o; Edinburgh March 1st 1813.